MISERERE!

DEAR VANITY FAIR:

I cannot write a *funny* letter. A *heart-broken* matron cannot *smile*. But I can say a few words which will go *like darts* and other pointed objects to the *souls* of your lady readers.

Sir, I am rich. I have a house in the V Avenue, and enjoy every luxury. No—not *every* one—for I have not a *decent* servant, or the *faintest approach* to such an object.

Sir, if you know *anything*, you know that good attendants are *everything*. Without them life is a—yes—a *blister*. I keep seven, and they are the seven plagues of my existence.

Servants are found in *clusters* or sets. The set which harbors in the Fifth Avenue from Fourteenth to Twenty-Eighth Streets is the *very worst* in all New York. And the *very worst* one of them all is my BRIDGET, who washes the dishes. Sir, she undertook this morning to wash my Sévres card receiver and vases, and spoiled two thousand dollars' worth of miniature *paté*.

"Why not discharge her?"

Because the BRIDGET before stole *three* thousand dollars worth of plate.

And the one before *set the house on fire*.

And the one before her flew at my husband with *a carving-knife*, and nearly *killed* him. Therefore, I keep my present BRIDGET.

Sir—when you gentlemen visitors sit in our parlors, *you little know* what there is hidden in the *kitchen* behind. The contrast between the Ducal *Palace* and the Ducal *Prisons* underneath is'nt more horrible.

Yours afflictedly,

LUCIA BOVENTHIEN.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BOOTS.

III.

Since I have promulgated my long-cherished Idea on the Inner Life of Boots, I have been in a state of unpleasing trepidation regarding its fate. Not a lumberer on the Penobscot ever committed to the deceitful current his raft of Pine or Birch, or Tamarack—the carving of his good axe from the Old Primeval—with more misgivings than I have felt as to the safe piloting of my Idea over the shoals and rapids, through the mælstroms and eddies of Public Opinion.

But I feel as safe now as if I had already got down to market with the Æsthetics of Boots, "made fast," "snubbed her," and disposed of every lineal foot.

I have before introduced Messrs. WELLER & FOWLS to the notice of the public. (Not that they require any introduction. "See daily and evening papers.") And I am happy to announce that I have secured the services of those distinguished persons for the pilotage of my Idea. They need no recommendation of mine, having so long and ably handled the Scull-oars of Science in guiding Mentality through its besetting perils.

We are engaged in reducing the Idea to a practical, working science, which Prof F. tells me must ultimately supersede Phrenology. Truly he is a wonderful man, the Prof. My conceptions have been confined to the leading characteristics, the general principles; but the Prof. has already mapped out and located various organs, after examining a few subjects, and says he is on the scent of the rest.

Ambition he places in the great toe—producing a desire to rise to seats of honor. Independence in the little toe—disliking to be trod upon. Approbativeness in the ball of the foot—vide Bowery. Mirthfulness, Time and Tune, between the aforementioned—as seen in skipping for joy, dancing, etc. Cruelty in the heel—"Iron Heel of Oppression, you know," says the Prof.

As soon as our Code is complete, the Prof. is to start with me on a lecturing tour, and give the system to the world.

No doubt there will be a shaking among the dry skull-bones of Phrenology when the new æsthetic Idea, Pedology, marches through the everlasting doors of Prejudice, and takes up its station among the oriflambeaued pillars of Science.

One of the most immediate results of my association with the Prof. will be the formation of a Pedological Cabinet, Phrenology may point to its dry husks,—Cerementals of Mental Cereals,—and the presentments of counterfeit clay, which its hands have fashioned,—or marble which they haven't, but which have had to do with edged tools (like that presentment of our Grand Jury lately. Which they got their fingers cut.) But Boots must supersede them all. The casts in that Golgothic shop on Broadway lack life and animation. So do the skulls. And the latter make Hamlets of us all—in turns scoffing and moralizing, till the waning peach-bloom of our cheeks peaches of the rising gorge within. Boots lose nothing, comparatively, by time. Properly treated they will preserve their individuality for years. Skulls are of no legitimate use to any one after the owner. Plaster casts and statuettes sometimes answer for more than one celebrity, statesman and criminal, monarch and revolutionist. But Boots always stand up a living test of comparison between those who step usurpingly into them and those who first left their footprints on the shifting sands of life;—footprints not all obliterated by a season's snow,—nay, nor by a decade's dust.

So we will get up a museum of Boots. Instead of the grinning skull of HICKS, or the insipid marble statuettes or plaster casts of WASHINGTON or WEBSTER (the likeness,

"False marble! where?")

there will be seen a souvenir of their very selves, and conveying moreover, like all true historians, a complete picture of the times in which they lived, narrow-souled, or high-strung, or straight-laced.

I have before suggested the advisability of private collections. People who cannot afford costly family portraits can preserve to their progeny an unflattering but unerring likeness—a series of likenesses: the Boots of bulging, budding youth, and the shoes of sere and senile age, with all that were, and did, and suffered between. If Prof. AGASSIZ can, from an unimportant exhumed bone, describe an extinct antediluvian animal, differing from any known species, is it too much to assume that the future Pedologist will delineate a perfect specimen of a homo-geneous variety, from such a footing as a Cabinet of Boots will afford, where every wrinkle of care and seam of experience is indicated, dated and located?

No better materials for biography. Another generation past, and Pedology will have its Seers, who—their horoscopes formed with Boots of the Period—will furnish biographies for the million.

I am sorry to say that ARMINELLA objects strongly to my arrangement with Messrs. W. & F. She hates to see me get to such a Natural Plane. Wonders why men must rush into such practicality. Would like to see men—bearded men—(allusion to my favorite Vandyke)—do something worthy of their manhood and that sort of thing. Why not keep in the region of the Æsthetic? Tapering off into eruptive ejaculations about He the Poet sold—Give Lights to a world and make a nation's Liver—Etc., etc., etc. How sanguinary—'guineous?—ah—how sanguine a dear little woman is, to be sure, when the Hero comes on the stage in full beard and boots and a bullyragging humor! She thinks He ought to make a wreck of old ideas and a crush of fossil prejudices while you'd be saying Transmagnificanbandanduality,—that He can handle and play with the spheres as easily as a country editor tosses his small subscription punkins into the barrel behind the Sanctum door.

I hereby respectfully bespeak a pair of the Vanitarian Boots, (say of the SPUYTENTUYFEL period) for the new Pedological Cabinet. And with sentiments, etc., your humble, etc., will ever, etc.

ALDI BORONDI FOSCA PHORNIOSTICUS.

"Flirtation, and what comes of it?"

Frank, Good, Rich, husbands? By no means.

Driver.—PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ONE MORE, SIR!

Gent.—THERE'S NO ROOM.

D.—NO ROOM—THERE'S CORDS—AFRAID OF BEIN' SQUEEZED, HEY? YOU OUGHTER HAVE A WHOLE COACH TO YERSELF—YOU OUGHT—AH! H! H! (*Sarcastically.*)

Awful Hub-bub.

According to the printed evidence in the Boston papers, Mayor WIGHTMAN seems to have worked himself, the Police, and the Tremont Temple rioters all together into a very intricate snarl. Now VANITY wants to know why the brotherly Athenians, assembling on that beloved Park of theirs, the Boston Common, just as the sympathizing Africans on an earlier occasion are represented to have clustered around and upon their dear Mungo Park, can't unite for once in that touching song,

"Let us pity the poor WIGHTMAN."

A Carp-pet shaken out.

The *Evening Post* relates a story of a carp that was caught the other day, near Calais, with a ring fastened in it, bearing the date 1704. Our illiterate contributor says that this proof of the tenacity of life in the carp makes it obvious that this fish cannot be alluded to in the well-known Latin phrase *carpe diem.*

Invisible Planet.

Our reporter, not finding his own name recorded in the papers among the distinguished guests at the recent levee at the Astor House, congratulates himself (having barely escaped from the crowd with his life,) that his name is not more publicly associated with an Astor-risk.

March 4th.

The Pat-riots last worred to JAMIE:
Good Bye!

A Query for the Southern Congress.

Whether a StandingArmy ought to be provided with Flying Artillery?

OUR WOULD-BE MINISTER TO SARDINIA.

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
JIMMY has vanished and JAMIE is sold,
Sold at a figure remarkably cheap,
Sold very long and broad and deep;
Left like a stick high and dry on the shore,
Sold as "Poor Pierce" once sold him before,
Cheated of Embassy, cheated of gold,
Out in the cold, JAMIE, out in the cold.

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
Let Decency laugh when the story is told,
And Honesty smile when some greenhorn believes,
That honor is EVER found among thieves,
Filth and falsehood, treason and shame,
Swallowed to win an Ambassador's name,
Fooled again as he was of old,
Out in the cold, JAMIE—out in the cold!

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
Could not lackey WIKOFF have at last told,
That when two are trading, and each is a scamp,
There's always treason at last in the camp.
But 'tis strange to see Treason's blackest elf
Her darkest poisoner poisoned himself,
Cheated by him to whom he was sold,
Out in the cold, JAMIE, out in the cold.

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
And the same old story again will be told,
And the same old slang and the same abuse,
Will be thrown on BUCHANAN—oh what's the use?
Why ask what no human nature could grant,
And then rave because you have missed what you want,
Over brassy and over bold,
Out in the cold, JAMIE, out in the cold.

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
How he sneered and yelled over FORNEY of old,
(Another's loss is his sweetest bliss,)
But FORNEY's fall was a triumph to this,
Begin, begin with your notes of sin,
The played out, worn out, wiry din,
The swindler is swindled—the seller is sold,
Out in the cold, JAMIE, out in the cold.

Good Little City.

If proof were wanting that Philadelphia was the most virtuous little place in the world, the following advertisement, which has appeared in the *Bulletin* of that city for the last two or three months would prove it:

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS,
"THE FIRST SIN,"
A beautiful Marble Statuette, by ANGELINE, on exhibition, for a short time.
Visitors will please bring their Opera Glasses.

If the First Sin is so small that it requires an Opera Glass to see it, why, Solar microscopes, let alone spy-glasses, couldn't see the other sins. Great are the Cosmopolites.

Theatrical.

The dramatic critic of the *Atlas*, in a notice of Mr. FRANK GOODRICH's lately published play, "Flirtation, and what comes of it" says that, so far as regards plot, the play is "a sad miss." Now if the dramatic critic of the *Atlas* had been a man of the *World*, instead, he would have known that, without a "sad miss," Flirtation is nowhere.

Why.

Why didn't the pay the Washington Commissioners by the day? Because they did Piece work.

THE HERALD JENKINS.

The Jenkins of the *Herald* goes to the inaugural ball. Jenkins is as usual vulgar, happy, ungrammatical and sentimental. Jenkins commences at the beginning, as he would say himself, with a description of "the edifice" where the ball took place. A house is always an edifice with Jenkins. Jenkins, with the inevitable proclivities of his race, hastens thence to the dressing rooms which he describes as "sumptuously garnished with a punch-bowl." which decoration is certainly suggestive of the propensities of the fair Washingtonians. Jenkins next finds his way to the ball room, "a white muslin palace of Aladdin trimmed with blue" as he poetically calls it. There for the first time in his life he sees ladies, and having seen them, proceeds to slaver them with his vulgar commendations. Mrs. BERGMANN, wife of the Belgian minister, according to Jenkins, "exhibited much grace and high culture both on the floor and in conversation." Does Jenkins here delicately hint that Mrs. BERGMANN fell? or does he mean to assert that the lady in question spent a portion of the evening seated on the floor, entertaining her friends in that oriental but awkward attitude? Of Mrs. HOOVER, he says that "no lady can discharge her husband's hospitalities with a more winning and graceful way." We have seen a shrewish wife turn her husband's bachelor friends out of door after a certain hour, but never could see either grace or attraction in such a discharge of a husband's hospitalities. Is this what Jenkins means? And so all through. Bad manners, bad grammar, servant's gossip about dress and diamonds, appraisement of ladies costume, reportorial enthusiasm about supper, and all that tasteless fulsomeness of epithet for which the American reporter is famous. The *Herald* Jenkins is a great creature, but he is out of place. He ought to live in Hayti, and celebrate the high-life negro balls. The Duchess of MARRONS GLACÉES and the Count de VOLAILLE AUX TRUFFES would be delighted with such first-rate notices as Jenkins gets up for the *Herald*.

Will She Secede?

By the State census of New Jersey we find that she has yet eight slaves left. Fearful that these, and her favorite son, HENRY ELLETT, recently appointed Postmaster General in the Southern Confederacy cabinet, may induce her to Go Out of the United States!!!—we would suggest that the State, in order to remove the lesser cause, the negroes, procure the services of ° H. W. BEECHER, (this ° stands for Star Papers and Preacher,) to lecture the inhabitants and egg them on to desperation, and then squeeze out of its back-bone, the C. & A. R. R. Co, enough money to buy these eight colored brothers and present them to her favorite son, the aforesaid HENRY ELLETT; she will thus concentrate her afflictions and rid herself of the eight more terrible in the eyes of BEECHER than Ate in the eyes of Jove.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The wear and tear of intellect on VANITY FAIR is so enormous that the most brilliant writer or artist lasts only three months, at the end of which time he becomes either idiotic or consumptive. As VANITY FAIR considers it a sacred duty to provide for those who have sacrificed themselves in his service, and as the number of pensioners on his bounty was increasing with frightful rapidity, the matter became of considerable importance, and V. F. became sensible that even his magnificent fortune would soon be unable to sustain such charges. After some consultation and much cogitation he hit upon an excellent plan for providing for his protegées and relieving himself. He resolved to demand from Mr. LINCOLN in their favor all the foreign missions. It is needless to say that the request was no sooner made than granted; and V. F. had the pleasure of appointing a number of more than usually incompetent men to the different embassies. O'TITIAN, who has worked himself into a state of almost drivelling idiocy—goes to France. He does not speak a word of the language, and is given to drink, so that none of the traditions have been violated. Our Rosewater poet, the young gentleman who being now slightly impaired in his upper story, devotes his time to his hair, goes to Russia. He begged so hard for the mission on account of the bear's grease that V. F. had not the heart to refuse him. Our principal artist, who from being a model of manly vigor has dwindled to a living skeleton, goes to the Court of ST. JAMES'S. He can spit straighter, chew more tobacco in an hour, whittle away his chair faster, and shoot quicker than any man in the United States. It is supposed that he will be highly acceptable at the British Court. Acting on a similar principle we have filled up all the appointments, and we are proud to think that this administration will be as inefficiently represented abroad as any that have gone before it.

QUIET COMFORT.

A wealtby tobacco planter and manufacturer of chewing tobacco died lately in Virginia, and the following is the conclusion of his obituary notice:

"It is easy to calculate his wealth, but who shall estimate the amount of Quiet Comfort he was the means of shedding abroad through the civilized world?"

A distant chewing acquaintance suggests that Solace, Horse Shoe, Consoler of Man, Dill's Fig, Farmer's Fancy, Sugar Pear, Shilo, Planter's Pride, Rose-Twist, Red Fox, or Billy Bowlegs are all better known brands of chewing tobacco than Quiet Comfort; and that one or more of these should be inserted in the above notice, as he had never heard of Quiet Comfort in connection with chewing tobacco.

A lady contributor wishes to have "Liquid Abomination" printed in place of Quiet Comfort.

While a testy old gentleman, O. S., desires a prayer unto the printer that he will place "Vile Weed" for Quiet Comfort, and "squirting around" for "shedding abroad."

The Dickens will have it "Disgust" in lieu of Quiet Comfort.

To please all parties we print it as each one wishes it.

"It is easy to calculate his wealth, but who shall estimate the amount of Billy Bowlegs, Solace, Horse Shoe, Liquid Abomination, Vile Weed, Disgust, he was the means of Shedding abroad and squirting around the civilized world?"

No matter about any more. Says PANURGE.

Light and Darkness.

We learn from the shipping lists that the ship *Daylight* has just arrived at this port from Hong Kong. As the Southern Confederates appear to be sadly in want of a Ship of State, just now, it might be advisable for them to charter the vessel referred to, and commission her in that capacity. In their existing state of darkness, how cheering it would be for them to see the *Daylight!* how daylightful the change from their present gloomy "look-out for Nox!"

Serious.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 13, 1861.

Editors VANITY FAIR.—GENTLEMEN:—Is it not rather paradoxical, that although you may attend a funeral in the afternoon, you nevertheless make a mo(u)rning call.

From your friend, &c.,
READER.

P. S. Positively original.

Should'nt wonder if it was—with Somebody.—Ed. V. F.]

THE GRAMMAR OF ART-GOSSIP.

E sure that when a man—that is, a particular kind of man—has made himself master of a few such adjectives as "silvery," "juicy," "pasty," "tea-boardy" and "atmospheric," he feels within him an impulse to lavish them upon works of art; he hears a voice: it is the voice of self-content: it says unto him: "Arise, and write out an Artful Dodge; that is, a long string of items about the works of the painter and the sculptor. Shake out choice conventional adjectives from the pepper-box of your memory upon the poor stuff that goes from your pen. Take it, while hot, to Printing House Square, and the chances are that you will get five dollars for it, and that your Artful Dodge will elevate you to the dignity of an Art Critic."

The *Herald* seems to have secured the valuable services of some such Artful man as the kind referred to above. The *Herald's* remarks about pictures, for some time past, have been "opalescent." That last adjective is borrowed from the *Herald's* "artful" man, whose adjectives have none by which they, themselves, may be worthily characterized. "Transcendental" would only tarnish them, if applied—just as the shine is taken off a Spoon by contact with a Pickle. In his substantives, the Artful man of the *Herald* is not quite so successful. Talking of a rising artist of this city, for instance, he says:

> Loup has some glorious female heads in his study, with those elegant accessions that a man of talent knows so well how to introduce.

If the "artful" man succeeds in securing the introduction of "accessions" into pictures, we hope that he will take out a patent for the idea, and that the state may obtain for him a large "accessory" of fortune.

Further on, the Artful man forgets both his adjectives and substantives in a strange way. He becomes "atmospheric," in fact, and says, vaguely:

> Hicks has been sketching you [Booth in Sir Edward Mortimer and Shylock. They are very truthful.

Who? Which? What? Are MORTIMER and SHYLOCK very truthful, or young BOOTH and HICKS, or all four together? We hope that Mr. THOMAS HICKS and the brilliant young tragedian just mentioned are "truthful" both of them, and think it is quite likely that they are; but we don't exactly see why the fact should be formally announced to us by the *Herald*, under the head of "Art Items."

As it is necessary for an Art-Gossip man to display familiarity with the French language, the "artful" man of the *Herald* does that. He introduces the word *genre*, in contraposition to the word "Cuban," as follows:

> NEHLIG, a new candidate in art among us, has already created a sensation by the novel method of his treatment of Cuban as well as *genre* subjects.

Here, then, is a new principle laid down by the Artful man of the *Herald*; a principle to be carefully considered by every artist who has Havana in his eye—we had almost said in his mouth, for all artists should consider it. A "Cuban" picture cannot be a *genre*, and *vice versâ*. *Genre* is a smashing word. We know a very celebrated art critic who pronounces it John Ray, and is aware of its derivation from a man of that name, who invented the kind of picture to which it is applied.

There is a great deal more in the *Herald's* Art-Gossip than has ever been dreamt of by us in our wildest want of philosophy. Is it the production of one master-hand, or the joint result of many poets and painters grasping one graphic pen with BRIARIAN vigor? In portions of it we think we often recognize the senior editor of the *Herald*, and author of "MARIANNE." Who but that great "distinctive" poet could have told us of a sky "delicately woofed with opalescent and topalescent clouds, culminating in tufts of ruby or fading into an enriched saffron-purple, in a celestial twilight pyrotechnic that glows a moment and then is lost for ever?"

What a gorgeous bit of color is there, my friends! Especially the "saffron-purple;" which is a new invention by the way, and much in favor among artists, just now, for the purpose of forcing their whitish-blacks.

RATHER 'STONISHIN.

The following intrepid patriots, according to the Washington correspondents, will accept fat foreign missions rather than have a row with President LINCOLN:

Mission to England—TOM CORWIN, JOHN P. HALE.
Prussia—GUSTAVUS KOERNER, N. B. JUDD, of Illinois.
Sardinia—GEORGE P. MARSH, ANSON BURLINGAME, KARL SCHURZ.
Spain—R. H. DANA, Jr., WM. C. BRYANT.
Austria—Chevalier WEBB.
Consul to London—W. S. SCHOULER, of Boston.
Honolulu—JAMES A. DIX, of the Boston *Journal*.
Callao—J. C. ABBOTT, New-Hampshire.
JOHN C. FREMONT will be offered the mission to France: CASSIUS M. CLAY that to Russia; SCHURZ is backed up by SEWARD and the entire Teutonic element.

Our correspondent states that Senator FESSENDEN, of Maine, desires to represent his country in some foreign land beyond the seas. Rumors are also afloat that other eminent gentlemen of the Republican party are anxious to distinguish themselves abroad.

VANITY FAIR objects. We have heard very bold, and we may say sanguinary words from some of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and cannot understand why they wish to leave the country now, when the prospect for a lively fight is at least fair. The genial HALE, in particular, was not long since entirely willing to hear the cannon thunder, and now that the cannon is apparently about to commence that pleasing pastime, what in thunder does he want to go to England for? And the ferocious FESSENDEN—why does he wish to bask in the gay and festive scenes and halls of dazzling light of a foreign Court? Why not linger here and go to the tented field? We insist upon it, that HALE and FESSENDEN and C. CLAY, shall go to the tented field. Also "JUDD."

It cannot be—we will not believe—we will permit ourselves to be torn to pieces by wild omnibus horses before we will believe—that these gentlemen are like Captain BOGGS, of Ohio, at the battle of Buena Vista. "I led my company up to the cannon's mouth," said he, "and there I left 'em!"

SHRUNK.

The beautiful but uncertain game of faro involves the use of circular-shaped pieces of ivory or horn, as we have been informed. They are called Chips. Once upon a time a veteran Western gambler enlivened one of the bleak villages on the Lake Superior coast with his brilliant presence, and proposed to blend amusement with instruction by opening a faro-bank in that precinct. He had unaccountably lost his stock of chips, and was compelled to use white horn buttons in their stead. He thought, however, that the buttons would answer the purpose, as he had seen none like them upon any of the overcoats and pea-jackets which he had encountered in that eminently nautical and fish-like place. But one night, after having enjoyed a splendid run of flats, he discovered that he could not crowd half the buttons into his box. An ingenious tailor, it subsequently appeared, had visited the room with a lot of buttons precisely like those used by the veteran, had chanced the desperate game, and had lost his—Buttons!

The veteran became ashy pale. He cast the delusive buttons upon the floor, and staggering to the wall, gasped thus: "Gen'lemen, there's either been fraud at this table to-night, or else that there box has shrunk! I'm inclined to think it's the former"

A few weeks since certain politicians of the North gave strong indications of softening their red radicalism. When they intimated that they were ready to meet the Border States half way in the matter of compromise, we, in the gushing innocence of our soul, believed they were in earnest. Perhaps they were. Perhaps they perpetrated no Fraud. VANITY FAIR prefers to believe that their Patriotism has Shrunk.

Such a One to Pronounce.

Why should the Border States remain in the Union?
Because Missouri Loves Company!

A nice little Mess for the Journals.

The new President's Mess-age.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XI.

When Mr. Primpenny awoke, he found himself in such an unintelligible situation, that he doubted his having waked at all, and was half inclined to go to sleep again that he might try it over and see whether he couldn't do it better the next time. He lay on his back in a square, dark box, just long enough for him to stretch his legs in, if he were not particular about bending the ancle joint—and against one side of this box he heard, at irregular intervals, an impatient fluid knock, as of some large body of water irritated at being kept out in the cold. Extending his hand in the opposite direction, he encountered a muslin curtain, which, as he touched it, gave forth a tinkling sound, from certain rings, by which it seemed to be suspended. The memories of travel returned to him—of passage by sundry steamers, and tossings in divers berths, wherewith he had beguiled the former reckless and abandoned years of his life—and a cold perspiration stood upon his forehead, as he acknowledged to himself that he was at sea.

Yes—in more senses than one, at sea. The lights of the ball-room—the buxom German frauleins, swimming in their tireless perpendicular waltzes—the men who steered them, erect and regular in their rythmic whirl, as so many animated tee-totums—"Kellner," with his great pyramid of lager-glasses, and his collossal vases for Weiss-Bier, which needed only a piston to make the uninitiated take them for the cylinders of some strange glass steam-engine—the benches around the sides of the room swarming with anxious maidens waiting for their turn in the Terpischorean spinning-jenny—the fat musicians, whose brass mouth-pieces had gone into retirement in a boundless forest of moustache—these were Mr. Primpenny's latest impressions—they still flashed on his eyes and sounded in his ears. And now—he was in a berth, with the sea dashing at his very cheek! Was it nightmare? Was it a dream caused by that bitter something which he had noticed in the beer? There had been several sailor-looking men at the ball—had he been carried to the ship, by mistake, for one of them? Or—dreadful thought!—had he been drugged and sold by a marine pimp to some captain short of hands, and brought on board in a state of unconsciousness, to wake and find himself bound on a three years whaling voyage into some terrible northern sea, where he would chap his hands with dirty harpoon lines, eat blubber, never go to the Philharmonics, get the scurvy, and be lost to his agonized home? Ha! Thought still more dreadful! Was all this the revenge of the McCrowders?

The suspense was too horrible to be endured. He madly thrust back the curtain, and leaped to his feet. The fact that one of those feet struck in a pail of water standing by the berth seemed nothing to him—indeed, rather restored him to consciousness. By a half light which streamed through a tiny booby-hatch in the deck above his head, he inferred that the particular time of day was early dawn. That light also revealed to him a cabin empty of all human life except himself. This fact awakened another frightful suspicion—*was he sent adrift?* But there were several pair of musty old boots swinging from hooks on the nearest brace—a ragged red woolen comforter in a berth opposite his own—a newly built fire roaring in a stove set in gimbals about the middle of the cabin, and not far from the size of an exaggerated foot-box, and these indications, together with certain others, in the shape of recently used plates, fragments of pork and ship-biscuit, emboldened him to believe that other forms of civilization must be near by.

Mr. Primpenny groped his way to a ladder which stood upright just beyond the booby hatch, and ascended until his head touched the cover of another hatchway. His utmost efforts were insufficient to lift it, and after struggling in vain, he began knocking on it frantically, in hope to attract the attention of some possible person on deck. Listening intently between the intervals of his labor, he heard a stifled conversation going on between a deep base voice and a high tenor directly above him. The only words of it that he could catch were "Is it safe yet?" and "Yes, I guess so." After which the hatch cover was slowly raised, and Mr. Primpenny permitted to emerge into the early daylight.

Staring around him perplexedly he discovered several new facts. An unbroken field of tumbling blue water stretching away on the right, to a still bluer faint thread of shore. A single mast just before him, a creaking boom and gaff extending at right angles from it, and a bellying sail curving them by its stout dray-horse pull, as a brisk morning wind threw its invisible bulk against the canvass. A furled jib also, and all the other indications of a smart little coasting sloop. Furthermore, two men whom he had never seen before, though the managers of last night's ball might have told him that they were the gentlemen who had evinced such care for his welfare, asserting themselves his friends, and bearing him to the carriage.

One of these was a stout, round man, with a red, nut-cracker sort of a face, and so much body in proportion to his legs and arms that he had the appearance of being an eccentric species of lively turtle, who had been taken in early childhood, and converted from going on all fours. The other was in every respect except that of robust health the exact antipodes of the converted turtle. A tall, muscular man, well-knit and broad-shouldered, long-limbed and heavy-handed, bearing the weight of any number of years between fifty and sixty, as if he did not mind it at all, and hoped to carry at least a score more before he got through with the job of existence.

Stuyvesant approached the pair. The short round man held the tiny little wheel of the smack, and the tall wiry one was sitting by his side on the low taffrail smoking a pipe.

"What does this mean?" asked the young man, addressing his conversation generally.

"Who are you talkin' to, Capting?" replied the man at the wheel.

"To you as much as anybody—to both of you. I wish to know what the meaning is of this performance, this taking a gentleman to sea without his leave—this—"

"It's a mystery, Capting, that's what it means—I think it's safe to tell him that much?"

"Perfectly safe," replied the tall man to whom the last words were addressed, "I may say moreover, that it means good will, and friendly intentions ginerally."

"And no squawkin' on his part, you know," added the helmsman.

"No, you're not to make no attempt to get away, nor to hail vessels ef we pass in hailin' distance, nor to do nothin' that will be likely to attract attention."

"And lastly, finally, also in conclusion, to do onto others jist what you expect them to do to you, because the consekences will be accordin', sence sich is the golden rool."

Stuyvesant for a moment stood perfectly dumbfounded, then trembling with rage exclaimed,

"Do you think you can keep me here? Villains!"

"Villains is not purty," said the converted turtle, "as a gineral thing, gentlemen don't say it. But it's perfectly nat'ral that you should git mad. We was told to expect it. I think it's safe to tell him that much?"

"I'm not sartin'" replied the tall man. "'Tain't best to be *tew* leaky, Crumbles. The fact is Capting Knickerbocker, that we know all about you. We mean to treat you well—we shall be most partickler careful o' your comfort—you're to hev everything you want, in moderation,—and no bodily harm's to come tew you whatsoever. But I may as well say now as any time, that the very fust symptom o' highty-tighties that you exhibit, will be the signal for your goin' down into that are cabin and stayin' till you git over 'em. That's a mighty onpleasant thing to say—and now I've said it, don't let me hev to say it agin, but let's forget all about it and be friends—for you will find us sich, Capting Knickerbocker."

"Our intentions, Capting Knickerbocker, bein' no ways hostyle," repeated the converted turtle, with his peculiar nut-cracker smile—and at the same time, both Mr. Primpenny's friends extended a hand for him to shake, in the most amicable manner.

Again Mr. Primpenny reflected. "They call me *Knickerbocker—Captain* Knickerbocker," thought he. Then he thought aloud—

"Oh yes! I see it! You labor under a mistake, my friends You take me for Captain Knickerbocker. Now, I don't know Captain Knickerbocker, but I havn't the slightest doubt that he looks exactly like me—indeed that if you saw us together you'd take us for twins. And very likely—as a man of that name I think might be apt to get into a queer scrape, for the family are quite lively—very likely he has given good grounds for this singular treatment which happens, by error as to the person, to have fallen on me. Nevertheless, I am *not* Captain Knickerbocker—and you will do me a great favor by putting me on shore at the nearest good landing-place."

"We know who you are, young man—I think it's safe to tell him that much, heh?" said the lively turtle.

"Quite safe," responded the tall man. "We *do* know you *pairfectly*. And you will oblige us, as well as be doin' a ke-indness to yourself to consider that fact settled. The reason o' this here mystery will be explained in time. Till then, remember that we're under your orders for anything you may want, in moderation—

and you're under ours a fur as not goin' off this smack. There ain't but one boat—that's pe locked to the taffrail—I've got the key in my pocket, and—how is it tew shore, Crumbles?"

"Shore's two pints o the starboard bow—ten miles, sou,' sou' west by sou."

"Which makes swi ain' impossible. Dew yew feel as ef yew could take a little bre fast, Capting Knickerbocker? The boy's asleep forred in the— at do you call that are hole boarded off from the cabin by a pe ition, Crumbles?"

"Fok'sal," replied C umbles tersely.

"In the fok'sal. e'll wake him up—and you shall give him orders whenever you nt breakfast. We've got pork and salt mackarel—a box of ice with beef-steaks onto it—some tomatoes in cans—a keg o' apples —a bag o' coffee—etcetery, etcetery."

"All of which was ost affectionately provided by your con- signor—safe to t ll h a that much?" said Crumbles.

"I don't mind if he oes know *that*," replied the tall man. "You will please to address e as Perkins whenever you have any com- plaints to make as to e quality o' your accomodation—or any remarks to offer on g eral subjects. The former, accordin' to our best endeavors will b eldom—the latter I hope will be frequent, whenever we git bett acquainted."

With these words, e soi-disant Perkins held out his hand again in such a t uly earty and affable manner that Mr. Prim- penny could not resi the temptation to consider the whole thing a charming adventur -something in fact, for a chapter in his autobiography—and terming for the present to mak the best of his inscrutable positi , shook the proffered member politely, and made an additional a empt to vibrate the rigid flipper of the con- verted turtle.

After breakfast and e pipe the day wore away pleasantly to all parties. The weathe was very fine—so was the b eeze—and from Mr. Primpenny's exp ence of yachting, the Susan Jemima (which was the smack's nam as discovered in red letters u and down her neat cutwate) m e about eight knots an hour. Toward the middle of the af rno , either the wind hauled a little or the smack altered her co se—(Mr. Primpenny's nautical knowledge did not enable him t ay which) for the sheet was trimmed in closer aft, and the mmest possible white line of shore was ob- servable on the oppo e bow from whence he had seen it in the morning.

Unable to worm a thing out of his shipmates by the most law- yer-like traps of sugg tion or the most direct probes of interroga- tory, Mr. Primpenny eguiled his abundant leisure by hunting through the dar cu y-holes of the smack for some clue to his cap- tors, his whereabout and his destination. He looked inside the old boots that hang m the brace in the cabin. There had evi- dently been a name some former time on the red lining of the legs, but it had be n diligently scraped off by a dull jack-knife, leaving only the per exing tail of what might have been either a final y or g.

He had as poor lu with the bed-linen of the berths—discover- ing only "Susan Jem na" marked thereon in a crabbed, sea-joggled hand, and this he k w before. There was a small library in the cabin, but almost al e books were new and without inscription of any sort. When found an old one, like "The Complete Nav- igator," or a copy of arryatt's Novels—the fly-leaf had been torn out. Evidently as e converted turtle had asserted, all this meant *mystery*. No clue of any kind could he discover.

Considering the f that he had left at hom e a bachelor estab- lishment in full bla -his friend Muffles without a protector—a father, mother, and ter, whom in spite of ll his prodigal-son- ship he loved with t at fidelity, and who just now might be un- aware whether he w e alive or dead—Mr. Primpenny bore his compulsory cruise li a philosopher. He settled himself down to the level of his absc e and necessary facts in such a sedate and cheerful style, that rkins and Crumbles seemed also to feel at ease for the first tim since he met them on deck, and compliment- ed him to the extent of saying that he was Trojan. Whenever it seemed not absolutely indelicate to mentio n the subject to their patient and self-pos ssed cargo, they also added,

"He'll see all thi ere mystery cleared up some time—I think it's safe to tell him at much, heh Perkins?" and

"Sartin, Crumble quite safe, so he will, and he desarves it, as sure as my name's— osh Perkins."

One curious fact t Primpenny was this. After he had been on board two days and a half, a little blow ca e up. He was a pretty good sailor, and from his previous experie ce had learned not to mind blows. But to his utter astonishment on coming up the ladder about seven A. M., he discovered the taller man of his two captors leaning over the lee rail, his bronzed face paled to marble, with green semi-circles beneath the eye. Absolutely sick! Could this be a *sailor?*

Towards evening, on the sixth day, land became visible right ahead. Crumbles called the boy to steer, and once more smiling after his nut-cracke fashion, proposed in brief words, that they should celebrate th home-like appearance by a little hot rum. In this proposition Pe kins joined, and, not to appear unconvivial in the presence of hi compulsory hosts, Mr. Primpenny assented. They three accord gly descended to the cabin, and in a few mo- ments that most delicious of all improper beverages was com- pounded, by aid of a tea-kettle roaring on the minute galley-stove before-mentioned— a demijohn, the sug r box, the nutmeg-grater, and a brown paper of allspice buds.

During the cours of the festivities, Mr. Primpenny was induced to sing "A wet sh et and a flowing sea," with great acceptance. Crumbles, in his h gh squeaking tenor, poured forth "My own Mary Ann," and M r. Perkins, excusing his voice on the ground that it had lately been acked by sea-sickness, and long previously by a bad cold on the hest, essayed that stave, which we have hereto- fore mentioned a so much in favor among certain of the New England lower cla ses, "Peggy Gordon."

By the time th last echo of the fes ive music had died away, Mr. Primpenny h d yielded once more to that dire somnolency which overtook h m at the German ball. His two friends deposit- ed him safely in h s berth, and ascended to the deck. By the time that midnight ha quite closed around the vessel it was moored to one of the wharv s of a town which Messrs. Perkins and Crumbles evidently knew all well, but which Mr. Primpenny would not have recognized, e en had he been in the full possession of his con- sciousness. Ther is, therefore, no present necessity, since all this history has refer nce to Mr. Primpenny in particular, of giving its name.

The Susan Jem ma had been made fast but an hour and a half, when once more a carriage drove down to receive the person of Mr. Primpenny. He was lifted into it—the tall man stept in be- side him—throu h the window shook the flipper of the lively turtle—and dire ting that person, who, on board the smack had been known onl as "the boy," to mount the box and take the reins, rolled Mr. rimpenny rapidly away through the night.

When Mr. Pri penny awoke again, he was even still more sur- prised than on h s astonished waking aboard the sloop. He was laboring along between high, glittering sand-hills crowned with rugged pines, in a country that showed no sign of human habita- tion. This muc he could see through a dingy coach-window, and on the opposite seat, the upright, rugged, and smiling Perkins. That person sti spoke to him with the utmost geniality, and from a mighty h mper beneath his seat, produced all that was necessary to sat fy hunger or thirst, in the shape of sandwiches, brown-stout, b tles of chow-chow and walnut pickles, cold corned beef, har -boiled eggs, sherry, a fresh flagon of drinking- water evidentl drawn from the last forest spring they had passed en route, cold r st fowl, and a string of Bologna sausages, which almost made ou traveling friend feel himself back among the Ap- penines.

"Naow," sai Perkins, "you've only got to behave yourself pair-fectly quiet my dear Capting Knickerbocker, and all this mystery'll be ou avelled in time. But ef, when we parss any settle- ment, you mak a fuss, and try for to diskiver yourself to the folks, why, I'll just s that you are my crazy son, and I'm a takin' you hum from the a sylum. They'll all believe me tew, for they know me along this r ad. But ef you behave yourself decent, nothin' 'll be said or d ne to harm ye."

Mr. Primpenny had no power to enforce his objections to this course, if he felt them. For Mr. Perkins looked as if he weighed a ton to every pound of the young man's, and furthermore whenever, during the three nights they were en route, the horses halted, it was in some dense wood far away from human habitation, where a bed was neatly made by Mr. Perkins in the carriage on which Mr. Primpenny wa exhorted to stretch himself, while the older man and the boy, a ter feeding the horses from receptacles beneath the box, and tyin them unharnessed to the nearest pines, laid them- selves down in buffalo robes to guard the carriage and sleep weasel- sleeps in the r ld air of approaching summer.

They had been about three days on land when they began to climb a huge mountain. The road which hitherto had been toler- ably well marked through the woods, suddenly became a faint track—stony, stumpy, and walled by great white barricades of birches. Mr. Perkins finally found the horses laboring so much that he invit d Mr. Primpenny to walk with him. That gentle- man gladly a ighted, wishing to stretch his legs after so long an interval of r st, and together the two men began ascending the mountain.

"Where are we?" said Mr. Primpenny involuntarily as he looked down the steep shelving plane of birch and pine tops on one side of t e road, or up the almost measureless, everhanging crags, draped in similar mixture of deep green and white on the other.

"Wish I could tell you, Capting, but raly, I ca-a-a-n't! You'll find out *some* time. Till then be patient and you'll be treated right, *jist* right, an' no harm 'll come tew ye!"

For nearly an hour they climbed that steady, rough ascent. They got so high up that the far-soaring eagle wheeled just above their heads around the top of the stinted pines, and just as they turned a corner by which a huge white boulder stood like a sentinel of the fort of savage nature, just as the toiling carriage reached them from behind, just as they had completed the ninth day out from the gleam and the beer of the Hoboken ball-room, a neat little cottage of shiny white clapboards and bright green windows burst upon their sight, and Mr. Perkins exclaimed,

"We're to hum!"

The carriage drove up through the rude gate, at the inner end of whose top-rail hung a big balancing stone, and disappeared in a log shed beyond, which seemed meant for a stable. Through a smaller gate entered the two foot-travellers, and out of the white door of the cottage ran a girl of twenty years, with cheeks rosy as health itself, curls black as the crow's wing and twice as shiny, a lithe, but full, ripe form of woman's middle height, big brown eyes, clear and joyful as a dark forest spring, and a pair of round bare white arms which she threw around the tall man's neck, crying,

"Oh father! father! I'm *so* glad to see you!" To which that father replied with a kiss.

"My dear *Melissy*, this is *Mr. Primpenny*."

(To be Continued.)

Masterly Inactivity.

JEFF. DA-VIS-Inertia.

A DAMPER.

Party Interested.—O THUNDER! THEY'RE TALKING 'O BUILDIN' ANOTHER STATE PRISON, AND HERE AM I, A GETTIN' MYSELF TOUCHED UP SPICY, AS IF THESE WAS TIMES TO BE FROLICKIN' IN!"

UNCLE SAM AND A COERCIONIST.

(To whom the old gentleman giveth his opinion freely about Fort Sumter.)

COERCIONIST.—What! and give them up Fort Sumter? shall the dastard word go forth,
To affix such foul dishonor to the manhood of the North?
Shall that brave and noble standard, never yet to shame unfurled,
Be torn down by traitor bandits, 'mid the jeerings of the world?

UNCLE SAM.—I say YES! my warlike nephew, and—if you will only try
To cut short your highfalutin—I will strive to tell you why:
In the first place then, good nephew, you can't keep it if you would;
And the game ain't worth the powder to attempt it if you could.
In the second place—just tell me—have you ever paused to think
Who they are that thus have brought us on to Ruin's deadly brink?
Are these men not all your Brothers? and—though frenzied folly reigns
Till *they* seem to scorn, in madness, the blood flowing in their veins,
Will *you* spread this foolish quarrel, and no further temper show
Than if foreign foes and despots dealt the keen insulting blow?
Just suppose now that—in passion—your young boy should seize a knife
And declare, if you approach him, he will take away his life!
Would you try to grab the weapon? or would you, a parent kind,
Try to lead the little scapegrace, by degrees, to better mind?
If the youngster cut his thorax he'd be worse off of the two,
But "coercing" him to do it were no benefit to you!

COERCIONIST.—But the world will think us cowards!

UNCLE SAM.—Let the world, sir, go to grass!
UNCLE SAM can mind his business, or we're at a pretty pass.
He's a Hero—not a Coward—who can claim the manly heart
That, while shrinking from no danger, shuns a fratricidal part;
Who can only view with horror his loved country overthrown,
'Mid the wail of little orphans and the hapless widow's moan!
Ask the man who calls you coward: what blood flowed on Bunker's height?
And what names were wrapped in glory at old Yorktown's daring fight?
Point to Lexington or Moultrie—to the Delaware!—Champlain!
And then tell him: What your Fathers did, their sons can do again!
That your arms in which, commingling, your brave Fathers' life-blood flows,
Never quail but when in BROTHERS you are doomed to meet your foes!
No, my lad, a thousand Sumters formed of perfect chrysolite,
Were indeed a sorry ransom for the *first-drop* spilled in fight!
Let it go, my honest nephew, leave this little thing to me,
For I know my Southern Hotspurs soon their fallacy will see,
And discover all those scoundrels who, with fabricated lies,
Have been filling them with anger, throwing dust into their eyes.
In the meantime don't imagine that I'm going, like an ass,
To shoot cannons in my dwelling, just to shiver my own glass,
You shall never see my Eagle, with its proud and dauntless breast,
Go to work—like dirty buzzard—to pollute its own good nest;
But I'll see yon hairbrained fellows come—before not very long—
To shake hands, to ask my pardon, and confess you *both* were wrong.

By our Theological Contributor.

Why is the Maid of the Mist like Pride?
Because it goeth before a fall.

Un-Bear-able.

Bull-baiting as practiced at the Restaurants near Wall street.

Gratuitous Advice.

Don't take it.

EAST SIDE THEATRICALS.

THE Broadway houses have given the public immense quantities of Central Park, Seven Sisters, NANCY SYKES and J. CADE. I suppose the Broadway houses have done this chiefly because it has paid them, and so I mean no disrespect when I state that to me the thing became rather stale. I sighed for novelty. A man may stand stewed veal for several years, but banquets consisting exclusively of stewed ve would become uninteresting after a century or so. A man would ant something else. The least particular man, it seems to me ould desire to have his veal "biled," by way of a change. S , tired of the thread-bare pieces at the Broadway houses, we to the East Side for something fresh. I wanted to see some lit tines and brigands. I wanted to see some cheerful persons ident ed with the blacksmith and sewing-machine interests triumph ov hose libertines and brigands, in the most signal manner. I wa d, in short, to see the Downfall of Vice and Triumph of Virtue. at was what ailed me. And so I went to the East Side.

POOR JACK SCOTT i one, and Jo. KIRBY dies no more on the East Side. They've the blood and things over there, but alas! they're deficient in gs. The tragedians in the Bowery and Chatham street of to ay dont start the shingles on the roof as their predecessors, no cold and stiff in death, used to when they threw themselves upo their knees at the footlights and roared a redhot curse after the rd who had carried SUSAN away, swearing to never more eat no drink until the lord's vile heart was torn from his body and th rown to the dorgs—rattling their knives against the tin lamps nd glaring upon the third tier most fearfully the while.

Glancing at the spot here it is said Senator BENJAMIN used to vend second-hand clothes, d regretting that he had not continued in that comparatively h orable vocation instead of sinking to his present position :—w dering" if Jo. KIRBY would ever consent, if he were alive, to die apped up in a Secession flag :—gazing admiringly upon the u tentatious sign-board which is suspended in front of the Hon. y LAZARUS's tavern ;—glancing, wondering and gazing thus, I en the Old Chatham theatre. The pit is full, but people fight shy the boxes.

The play is about servant-girl, who comes to the metropolis from the agricultural istricts, in short skirts, speckled hose, and a dashing little white at, gaily decked with pretty pink ribbons—that being the style o dress invariably worn by servant-girls from the interior. She i ccompanied by a chaste young man in a short-tailed red coat, ho, being very desirous of protecting her from the temptation of a large city, naturally leaves her in the street and goes off son where. Servant-girl encounters an elderly female, who seems to a very nice sort of person indeed, but the young man in a short iled coat comes in and thrusts the elderly female aside, calling h "a vile hag." This pleases the pit, which is ever true to virtue, d it accordingly cries "Hi! hi! hi!"

A robber appears. he idea of a robber in times like these, is rather absurd. The a oit robber would eke out a miserable subsistence if he attemp to follow his profession now-a-days. I should prefer to pu h a daily paper in Utica. Nevertheless, here is a robber. H has been playing poker with his "dupe," but singularly enou the dupe has won all the money. This displeases the robbe and it occurs to him that he will kill his dupe. He according sticks him. The dupe staggers, falls, says "Dearest ELIZA!" an lies. Cries of "hi! hi!" in the pit, while a gentleman with a weed on his hat, in the boxes, states that the price of green smelts is five cents a quart. His announcement is not favorably received by the pit, several members of which come back at the weeded individual with some advice in regard to liquidating a long-standing account for beans and other refreshments at an adjacent restaurant.

The robber is seized with remorse, and says the money which he has taken from the dupe's pockets, "scorches" him. Robber seeks refuge in a miser's drawing-room, where he stays for "seven days." There is a long chest, full of money and diamonds in the room. The chest is unlocked, but misers very frequently go off and leave long chests full of money unlocked in their drawing-rooms, for seven days; and this robber was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of this particular miser's absence. By-and-bye the miser returns, when the robber quietly kills him and chucks him in the chest. "Sleep with your gold old man!" says the bold robber, as he melodramatically retreats—retreats to a cellar, where the servant girl resides. Finds that she was formerly his gal, when he resided in the rural districts, and regrets having killed so many persons, for if so be he hadn't, he might marry her and settle down, whereas now he can't do it, as he says he is "unhappy." But he gives her a ring—a ring he had stolen from the dupe—and flies. Presently the dupe, who has come to life in a singular but eminently theatrical manner, is brought into the cellar. He discovers the ring upon the servant girl's finger—servant girl states that she is innocent, and the dupe, with the remark that he sees his mother, dies, this time positively without reserve. Servant girl is taken to Newgate, whither goes the robber and gains admission by informing the turnkey that he is her uncle. Throws off his disguise, and like a robber bold and gay, says he is the guilty party and will save the servant girl. He drinks a vial of poison, says he sees his mother, and dies to slow fiddling. Servant girl throws herself upon him wildly, and the virtuous young party in a short-tailed coat comes in and assists in the tableau. Robber tells servant girl to take the party in the short-tailed coat and be happy—repeats that he sees his mother (they always do) and dies again. Cries of "Hi! hi! hi!" and the weeded gentleman reiterates the price of green smelts.

Not a remarkably heavy plot, but quite as bulky as the plots of the Broadway sensation pieces.

Cheerfully yours,

ALPHONSO THE BRAVE.

SIA FELICE

BOSTON, March 9, 1861.

"Dear V. F.—

Is the following worthy of your incomparable Journal?

CONSOLING FOR S. C.

Although Sumter has so weak a garrison, it is undeniable that PICKENS has a *Slemmer*.

'A Provincial admirer of V. F. will be made happy by the insertion of the above, if it reaches your high standard."

It don't reach our high standard—nothing near it—but if VANITY FAIR can make one human being—and, above all, one Bostonian—positively happy, by his own confession, in times like these—why let it go. Set it up—by all means! Well-a-way, on how little does earthly happiness depend. One man sees only a certain sack of muslin, full of budding, palpitating beauty, between him and endless bliss—MESSRS. GREELEY, WEED, RAYMOND, and the rest, think it lies in getting the Inside Track—our particular friend, Miss JOSEPHINE HOOPS, believes it is attainable with that stupendous opal and diamond brooch for sale at TIFFANY'S—and lo! here is a mortal who will be supremely blest if he can only see one little sorrowful nibble at a pun served up in these immortal pages.

Set it, up by all means! The Sunday papers have done it some sixty-four times, and we shall mortally offend the Septuagint of gentlemen who have sent it in to the Incomparable (that's Us, you know,) in all manner of shapes—boiled, fried and stewed. But no matter. You only knock out an I and put an E——Oh be happy, Provincial Admirer, and hold on to it, and in your prayers remember VANITY FAIR!

Antithetic.

Agreeable element in Landscape—Water-fall.

Disagreeable ditto in Senate—Wig-fall.

This is what our German calls *Art und Unart*, or a Nicety and a Nasty.

Treason of the Darkest-Hair-Dye.

TWIGGS'S.

Hoosier.—"HA'AR CUT?—GUESS NOT. AIN'T HAD A HA'AR ON TO ME NIGH TEN YEAR, ALONG 'O FEVERNAGUR. BUT MY HAT WANTS TRIMMIN' UP A BIT—CUT AWAY!"

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, March 1st.

DEAR VANITY:—I am but a soldier, and like other soldiers, simple, frank, modest and open-hearted.

Wherefore, I find all this *entourage* of diplomacy into which I have been plunged, most wearisome and vexatious. I am forced to compromise, to dodge, to shuffle, to procrastinate, to play all sorts of fantastic tricks before high heaven, when a trusty blade and a sure eye might settle all difficulties in a tenth of the time . . .

However, my diplomatic life is about over. I smell the battle afar off. Ha, ha!

M. LA GUERRONIÉRE's pamphlet has created a sensation here. Of course, it is NAPOLEON who speaks in LA GUERRONIÉRE's name. The following sentence occurs near the end of the document, and was inserted on account of a hint I gave LOUIS, in a letter I wrote him last month:

Italy is liberated but not constituted, and the hindrance to its organization is Rome!"

As soon as PIUS IX read these words, he fainted. On recovering, he sent for me . . .

I went to him . . .

I found him pale and excited . . .

He seized my hands warmly, and invited me to drink.

. . . Generally, he is not very free with his potables.

"My game is up," he said; I am a gone pontifical coon. Do not be surprised if I abdicate to-morrow. That is all. Think of me kindly. Good-bye."

He bowed me out before I could speak a word.

That night, as I was entertaining a few friends in my chambers, my servant whispered me that "a person" wished to see me privately at the door. Fearing a plot against my life, I threw on a Scotch cap and military cloak, and cautiously feeling my way along the dark corridors, with a bowie-knife, I soon gained the street-door, where a person in the guise of a fishwoman was awaiting me.

"*Addio, amigo mio!*" said this apparent vender of shad; "I go . . . I fly . . . to seek the refuge, in your own fair land, that is denied me here!"

I recognized PIUS's voice!

"Farewell, good Pontifex," I replied: "Hoboken awaits thee. Be virtuous, and you will be happy."

He turned, took a few steps, halted, rushed back to me, embraced me, and burst into tears . . .

My eyes dimmed.

Then, pressing his hand, I begged him be calm. He dried his tears, picked up his carpet-bag and umbrella, and trudged off into the darkness.

From the expression of his back, as he went, I saw that he was broken-hearted!

Sic transit gloria Romæ!

An idea struck me.

I returned to my friends, and told them that I was forced to leave Rome instantly, on a secret mission. Then I packed my things, hailed a hack, and in an hour was cosily installed in the Quirinal . . .

In Pope PIUS' private chambers, upon my honor!

Not a soul in Rome, save me, knew of His Holiness' sudden flight. I popped quietly into his place; dressed myself in his purple and ermine; slept in his bed; ate his meals; ordered his servants about; and, in short, became Pope PIUS, to all intents and purposes . . .

It was immense fun, I assure you.

Every day I attended to the salvation of the world. I received petitions, consulted cardinals, appointed officers, signed treaties, and conducted all the affairs His Holiness formerly controlled. But, as I have said, diplomacy ill befits a frank and single-hearted soldier, all too brave and guileless for the duplicity of a court; so I became horribly tired on the third day of my pontificate.

Then another idea struck me.

To relieve the ennui of business, I ordered PIUSETTA home for a long holiday!

The Superior of her convent didn't see it, exactly, but people don't question the whys and wherefores of the Pope's actions much, I find; so the gracious and lovely PIUSETTA was at once installed in a magnificent suite of apartments in the Quirinal!

(Ah, most ancient and lordly of palaces, never before have thy honored walls rung to the tones of love and the passionate monotone of the fond guitar!)

I told PIUSETTA of her father's absquatulation, and . . . God forgive me! . . . said that he had deputed me to take his place.

For two weeks, unalloyed happiness was ours.

I came near being discovered on one occasion. Nothing but the most wonderful exhibition of faith, on the part of my valet, saved me.

He entered my room by mistake, one morning, at an unusual hour, and found me in my natural character, instead of wrinkled and white-haired, as I always showed myself . . . thanks to a good knowledge of the theatrical art of "making up."

"*Gran Dio!*" cried he; "Sire, you are a young man again!"

At first I was startled into confusion, but recovering my self-possession, I smiled sweetly upon the astounded servant.

"Yes, ALESSANDRO," I said, "it is a little miracle."

He believed it!

At the end of a fortnight, I received a tremendous shock.

As I was calmly smoking my bed-pipe, after having signed a batch of death-warrants, the door of my study opened, and in walked the real original Pope!

"I was home-sick," said he, "and couldn't stand it any longer. When I got to Marseilles, courage failed me, and I had to come back. What are you doing here?"

"I couldn't let everything go to rack and ruin, PIUS," said I; "so I have taken your place, merely out of friendship to you."

"Very well, so far; but now I have returned, you had better let me resume my rights. Have the kindness to leave this room."

"Look here, PIUS, I must have a week, in which to settle my affairs. After that, I will gladly restore your bothersome business, of which I am heartily tired, to you."

"A week! I will give you an hour."

"An hour will suffice for me to get aboard my frigate. Then, beware of red hot shot and forty-six pound shells!"

"Don't be absurd."

"Then give me a week. Remember, '*Italy is liberated but not constituted, and the hindrance to its organization is Rome!*' Shall I remove that hindrance by bombardment? France will back me!"

"Enough," said the Pope; "Take what time you need. Arrange your affairs. You are a wonderful man. I respect you."

So, in a few days more, I shall give up my present position to His Holiness. My first move was to send PIUSETTA back to her convent, before her father discovered her presence in the palace.

The poor child wept bitterly, when we parted, and so did

McARONE.

PLEASING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED IN FOREIGN TRAVELS FOR FIVE YEARS, RETURNS UNEXPECTEDLY, BRINGING AN INTERESTING AND HAPPY FAMILY WITH HIM.

AMUSEM[illegible]T EXTRAORDINARY.

Oh dear! O Lud, not[illegible] See here, all you people that take any interest in Astronomy, a[illegible] hold Science to be *the* thing—read this from the *Albany Argus*.

AMUSEMENTS.

Dudle[illegible] Observatory,

O. M[illegible]ITCHEL, Director;

Open Daily, from [illegible]11 *A. M., and from* 8 *to* 10 *P. M.*

[Mays Excepted.]

☞ *Tickets may be* [illegible]*tained from any of the Trustees.* ☜

That's your style! S[illegible]thing after this sort, we presume:

"Walk up—walk up! Ladies and gentlemen, here you see the great, grand, glorious, a[illegible] generally gorgetic meridian-circle which is put up here for the ha[illegible] and the little children bless their little hearts to handle. It wi[illegible]ot up ladies and gentlemen by a man as was a terror to all ni[illegible]eople like you and who entirely mistook the idea for which[illegible] a great Moral and Scientific Show-House was established havin[illegible]n idea that this great grand glorious and generally hifalutin[illegible]strument was to be used to measure meridian passages of sta[illegible]nd for various other thingumbobs an idea which I need not t[illegible]you ladies *and* gentlemen was perfecly absurd. And here you [illegible]the bewtiful arrangement of lightin' up the interior with gas an[illegible]showin' out of the spiders'lines white on a dark field and bla[illegible]n a light field and here you see the tremenjuous and highl[illegible]fficacious arrangement of the threads which there is nineteen [illegible]em ladies and gentlemen sevingteen of 'em running up and dot[illegible]and two of 'em running crosswise walk up—walk up!

Here also you see the [illegible]at Tabulating Engine also procured by the aforesaid and befor[illegible]entioned man namely which is to say Gould the terror of Trus[illegible] and of visiting-infant-schools and here ladies particularly you [illegible]the wonderful provisions of *art* for although this monster o[illegible]pravity got up all these bewtiful engins at the expense of much[illegible]or and time and had determined to let nary an infant-school [illegible] nary a little child (which they are near to the kingdon of Hevn, mem) in to see 'em yet ladies and particularly the little dears you perceive that nevertheless and notwithstanding here they be and you can handle 'em and pull 'em about (John grind out a few computations of the mean anomaly of Mars for the ladies.) Here you see ladies and gentlemen that this wonderful injine beats the Lightning Calculator all hollow and all you have to do is just to turn a crank and the figgers come tumbling out like drunken soldiers out of a tavern at a trainin walk up—walk up! John stir up the Equatorial and show the ladies the spots on the sun which they is supposed to be pimples mem—which end shall you look through, mem?—whichever end you chooses mem "you pays your money and you takes your choice" as the benign Shelley remarks. Bill see that the little dears blows their noses and don't breath on the glasses. Walk *up* ladies *and* gentlemen and if you ain't satisfied ask for your money at the door and I have no doubt you'll get it!"

There! That's something in about the style in which they do things there, I surmerise. A big plaything it is with pretty brass toys in it—eh, my little dears?

Well, if STERNE and ARGELANDER and BESSEL and ENCKE and a few more, would only take a leaf out of your book, Messieurs the Director and Trustees, what a nice thing it would be for Science! Oh, so nice!

Nursery Rhymes for Charleston.

Humpty Sumter h[illegible]d a great wall,
Humpty Sumter go[illegible] a great fall,
President LINCOLN and all his men,
Can't get Humpty Sumter back again.

O tempora, O Mires!

M. MIRÈS, the great banker in Paris, has burst up, and is now in the prison of Mazas. His pursuit of wealth, it seems, was nothing but a Mere race to the jail. If you don't understand the pronunciation of French don't read this joke.

The Poetry of Trembling Flowers.

Rose Terry—fied.

PROF. LINCOLN IN HIS GREAT FEAT OF BALANCING.